

The Musical World.

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VOL. 45—No. 7.

[SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1867.]

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. POSITIVELY THE LAST NIGHT OF THE ORCHESTRAL POPULAR CONCERTS THIS SEASON.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), FEB. 16, MISCELLANEOUS NIGHT.

VOCALISTS.—Mdle. Sinico, Mdle. Agiliti, and Madame Sainton-Dolby; Mr. G. Calkin and Mr. Henri Drayton; Mr. Baxter, Mr. Coates, Mr. Law, and Mr. Winn (members of the London Glee and Madrigal Union).

PIANOFORTE.—Mr. Horton C. Allison.

PROGRAMME.

PART THE FIRST.—Overture, "Ruy Blas," Mendelssohn; valse, La Clochette, Louis Diabelli; air des bijoux (Faust), Gounod—Mdle. Agiliti; air, Les Deux Familles, Labarre—Mr. Henri Drayton; ballad, "The Green Tree," Balfe—Madame Sainton-Dolby; aria, "Non è ver," Matel—Mr. G. Calkin; grand fantasia, pianoforte, on Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream"; List—Mr. Horton C. Allison; valse, "L'Estas," Ardit—Mdle. Sinico; quartet for four violins, Mauer—performed by MM. H. W. Hill, Pollitzer, H. Holmes, and F. Ralph.

PART THE SECOND.—Overture, "Zampa," Herold; glee, "By Celia's Arbour," Horley—Mr. Baxter, Mr. Coates, Mr. Law, and Mr. Winn (members of the London Glee and Madrigal Union); songs, "The Alpine Mother" (Luders), "By-and-by" (V. Gabriel); Madame Sainton-Dolby, accompanied by herself on the pianoforte; cavatina, "Una voce" (Il Barbere), Rossini—Mdle. Agiliti; song, "Simon the Cellarer," Hatton—Mr. Henri Drayton; valse, "Opheila," Albert Wagner; ballad, "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," Balfe—Mdle. Sinico; catch, "Would you know my Celia's charms?" Mr. Baxter, Mr. Coates, Mr. Law, and Mr. Winn; new polka, "The Popular Polka," Ardit; grand march, "The Wedding March," Mendelssohn; National Anthem, "God save the Queen."

Conductor

SIGNORE ARDITI.

Commence at Eight o'clock.

PRICES.—Dress Circle, 5s.; Second Circle, 2s. 6d.; Private Boxes, Half-a-Guinea, One Guinea, and Two Guineas; Promenade, 1s.

The Box-office of the Theatre (under the superintendence of Mr. Nugent) is open daily from Ten till Five.

MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY, Mdle. Sinico, Mdle. Agiliti, Mr. George Calkin, and Mr. Henri Drayton; Mr. Baxter, Mr. Coates, Mr. Law, and Mr. Winn; Mr. Horton C. Allison, pianoforte; Signor Ardit, Conductor, at the Orchestral Popular Concerts (positively the last Concert this season). THIS EVENING (Saturday).—HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—GRAND BAL D'OPERA (the Second and Last this season), Monday, February 25th.—The public is respectfully informed that, in compliance with wishes expressed by many of the visitors to the Bal d'Opera (the most successful ever given in London) which took place on the 20th of December, a SECOND AND LAST BAL D'OPERA (this season) will be given on Monday, February 25th.

In the course of the evening the "New Grand Masquerade Quadrille," composed by M. Riviere (first time of performance); the grand galop, "The Alhambra," arranged by M. Riviere; and the country dance, "Sir Roger de Coverley," will be danced by 150 choreographic artists, engaged expressly for this occasion. Band of 100 performers. Principal cornet à pistons, Mr. Levy. Conductor, M. RIVIERE, from the Alhambra Palace (by permission of F. Strange, Esq.).

Doors open at Half-past Nine o'clock; Dancing to commence at Ten. Ball Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; Dress Circle, 5s.; Gallery Seats, 4s.; Gallery, 2s.; Private Boxes, from Four Guineas. Tickets and Places may be obtained of Mr. Nugent, at the Box Office of the Theatre which is open Daily from Ten till Five.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY CONCERT and AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—Vocalists: Madame Sinico and Madame Sainton-Dolby. Solo violin, M. Sainton. Symphony No. 1, Gade; Concerto, Spohr; Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn. Conductor, Mr. Manns.

Admission, Half-a-crown. Guinea Season Tickets free. Reserved Seats, Half-a-crown extra.

NOTE.—The Exhibitors' Stalls in the Nave being removed, the Promenade is now uninterrupted.

MISS EDWARDS'S SECOND PIANOFORTE and VOCAL RECITAL will take place on Friday Afternoon, February 22nd, at Raby House, 15, New Finchley Road, St. John's Wood. She will be assisted by Mdle. Drasdi, Messrs. Trelawny Cobham, Ravwick, Oberthür, Vivien, etc. Tickets and programmes to be had at Messrs. D. DAVISON & CO.'s, 244, Regent Street; at FABIAN'S Music Warehouse, Circus Road, St. John's Wood; and at the principal Musicsellers.

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CHARLES LYALL, Tenor, 8, BATHBONE PLACE, W.

FEB. 27.—MR. RANSFORD'S ANNUAL ENGLISH CONCERT OF BALLADS, GLEES, &c., ST. JAMES'S HALL, Wednesday Evening, Feb. 27, at Eight o'clock. Artistes: Mesdames Louisa Pyne, Lemmings, Sherrington, Ransford, Meadows, Susan Pyne, and Sainton-Dolby; Messrs. George Perren, W. H. Cummings, Wilby Cooper, J. G. Patry, and Ransford. Glees and Madrigals, under the direction of Mr. Henry Buckland. Pianoforte, Mr. Sydney Smith; Harp, Mr. Frederick Chatterton; Accompanist, Mr. J. G. Calicot. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Arena, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Stalls and Tickets to be had at Mr. AUSTIN'S Ticket Office, 23, Piccadilly; KNITH, PAWWS, & CO., 48, Cheapside; and RANSFORD & SON, 2, Prince's Street, Oxford Circus.

MR. GANZ'S FIRST RECITAL of CLASSICAL and MODERN PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place on WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT, Feb. 20th, at Half-past Eight o'clock, at his residence, 15, QUEEN ANNE STREET. Vocalist, Mdle. Enquista. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Mr. GANZ will perform selections from the works of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Chopin, Heller, &c. Tickets, 5s., to be obtained of Mr. WILHELM GANZ, at his residence.

TO VIOLINISTS.—A First-rate PETER GUARNERIUS, pronounced by the highest authorities in the matter to be his masterpiece, wonderfully preserved, unusually fine wood, extremely noble tone, is, on account of the death of its proprietor, TO BE SOLD. A high price is demanded. To be seen every Tuesday and Friday, from Twelve till One o'clock, at Heyr ENGEL'S, 31, Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square.

PAGANINI REDIVIVUS.

CONCERT SPECULATORS and Secretaries of Societies can have PROGRAMMES, OPINIONS OF PRESS, PROFESSIONAL TESTIMONIALS, and MUSICAL REPERTOIRE, *Gratis* and *Post-free*; as also PHOTOGRAPHS of PAGANINI REDIVIVUS, *in propria persona* (as he appeared at the Ulster Hall Concerts, Belfast, and at the Exhibition Palace, Dublin). In forwarding address, direct thus: "Paganini Redivivus, 2, Northumberland Court, Charing Cross, London"—which will obviate mistakes and avoid delay.—See *Eves. Orchestra, Sporting News, &c., &c.*

THE TESTIMONIALS to the MASTERS CHARLES and ARTHUR LE JEUNE.—The Subscribers will be gratified to learn that the proposition to present each of these highly-gifted boys with the whole of the Organ Works of John Sebastian Bach has met with complete success, and that the Testimonials only now await formal presentation. This duty John Goss, Esq., Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, has consented to perform. His desire to do honour to the remarkable musical powers of these boys it is impossible adequately to acknowledge. Intimation of the date and place of presentation will be sent to each Subscriber, and any further information supplied by Mr. M. Mull, 36, Gordon Square, W.C.

THE QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE. The Public are respectfully informed that these spacious premises may be ENGAGED, to suit all parties—the Parlour, Drawing-Rooms, Tea-Room, the Large and Small Music Halls, &c. For terms, apply to Mr. FIAN, at the Rooms.

ROBERT COCKS, Proprietor.

MISS KATHLEEN RYAN will play WEBER's Polacca Brillante, "HILARITE," at Mr. Howard Glever's Concert, at Drury Lane Theatre, on the 25th inst.

MISS KATHLEEN RYAN will play ASCHER's admired Transcription of "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" (by desire), at the Pimlico Rooms, South Belgravia, on the 28th inst.

MISS KATHLEEN RYAN and Miss GRACE AGUILAR will play OSBORNE'S Grand Duo for Two Pianos, "LES HUGUENOTS," at Mr. Trelawny Cobham's Concert, Chelsea, March 4th.

[Feb. 16, 1867.]

MISS EDWARDS will sing Mr. W. GUERNSEY's new and admired song, "THE SPRING," at her Concert at Baby House, Feb. 22nd.

MISS JULIA ELTON will sing BENEDICT's popular song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at Gloucester, Feb. 27th; and Newport (Monmouthshire), Feb. 28th.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN will sing BEETHOVEN'S "AH PERIFDO," and BENEDICT's new song, "SIGHING FOR THEE" (which has not before been sung in public), at the Soirée of the New Philharmonic Society, Feb. 19th.—2, Monmouth Road North, Bayswater.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing BENEDICT'S Variations on "THE CARNAVAL DE VENISE," at Walworth, March 5th; Croydon, 14th.—2, Crescent Place, Burton Crescent, W.C.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing "THE SONG OF MAY" (composed by W. V. WALLACE), at Chatham, Feb. 19th.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing the Variations on "CHERRY RIPE" (composed expressly for her), at the Russell Institute, Feb. 20th; and at every concert engagement during the ensuing season.

MDLLE. RITA FAVANTI will sing, during the ensuing month, on her Tour, the favourite Ballad, "THE RETURN OF THE LOVED ONE."

MDLLE. RITA FAVANTI will sing at Waterford, THIS EVENING, Feb. 16th. For engagements *en route*, address Mdlle. FAVANTI, 28, Abingdon Villas, Kensington, W.; or to Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MDLLE. RITA FAVANTI requests that all communications relative to Operatic or Concert Engagements be addressed to her at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON and Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street; or to her residence, 28, Abingdon Villas, Kensington, W.

MR. DAVID LAMBERT will sing Mr. WILFORD MORGAN'S new and highly successful song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Houghton-le-Spring, Feb. 25th.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing Mr. BEUTHIN'S admired song, "THE ORPHAN'S TEAR," at the Beaumont Institute, Feb. 19th.

MR. HENRY HAIGH will sing BALFE'S admired song, "SI TU SAVAIS" ("Didst thou but know"), at Aberdeen, THIS DAY, Feb. 16th; and at Dabry, Feb. 26th.

MR. TRELAWNY COBHAM will sing "SI TU SAVAIS" ("Didst Thou but Know")—BALFE, and "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"—ASCHER, at Miss Edwards's Second Pianoforte and Vocal Recital, Baby House, Finchley Road, Feb. 22nd.

MR. RENWICK will sing Miss EDWARDS'S admired song, "SEPARATION," at the Composer's Soirée Musicale, at Baby House, St. John's Wood, Friday, Feb. 22nd.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing "THE MESSAGE," and "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at the Russell Institute, Feb. 20th; and at Faversham, Feb. 28th.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his admired Transcriptions of "FLORA MACDONALD'S LAMENT" and "KENMURE'S ON AND AWAY," at Saltcoats, Feb. 21st; Glasgow, 23rd; and Dalry, 26th.

MR. WINN will sing Mr. WILFORD MORGAN'S new song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Canterbury, March 4th.

MR. PATEY will sing "THE MESSAGE FROM THE DEEP" (composed expressly for him by Mr. EMILE BERGER), at St. James's Hall, Feb. 27th.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his new song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Hull, Feb. 19th; and at all his engagements during the ensuing season.

MR. CHARLES HALL (Musical Director of the Royal Princess's Theatre) begs to announce his removal to No. 129, Euston Road, N.W., where he is prepared to resume his instruction in VOCAL MUSIC, and give finishing lessons to professional pupils in the Art of Singing for the Stage.

MRS. KING HALL having completed his studies at the Royal Academy of Music, under the superintendence of the most eminent masters, requests that all communications, respecting Lessons on the Pianoforte, Harmony, and Composition, also engagements for Concerts and Soirées, be sent to his residence, No. 129, Euston Road, N.W.

MASTER MUNDAY will play Mr. G. B. ALLEN'S popular "GALOP FURIEUX," every evening during his Provincial Tour in February.

MONSIEUR VIVIEN, Solo Violinist, from the "Concerts Populaires" of M. Pasdeloup, Paris, begs to announce his arrival in London. For engagements for Concerts, Soirées, &c., address 3, Chappell Place, Grosvenor Square, or to the care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

HERR REICHARDT will sing GOLDBERG'S admired new song, "THE REPROACH," throughout his Provincial Tour.

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A SIGH WENT FLOATING ON THE BREEZE. Composed for Miss Louisa Pyne. W. H. LUTZ.
SING ME THAT SONG AGAIN. GUGLIELMO. Made so popular by Mr. W. H. Cummings' exquisite singing.
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NEW SONG BY M. JANE RONNIGER—"GOOD NIGHT, BELOVED." Words by LONGFELLOW.

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Full Music size, 7s.

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NEW BRILLIANT PIECE BY JULES BRISSAC.

Fantaisie sur la Melodie Ecossaise,
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"Often as this exquisite melody has been made the theme upon which the writers of fantasia, pot pourri, caprice, olla podrida, &c., have built their elaborate edifices, it may safely be asserted that it has never been more judiciously nor more delicately handled than by M. Jules Brissac, who seems to approach the old Scotch ditty so affectionately, so naturally too, that, did we not know to the contrary, we should affectionately believe that he was "native and to the manner born," and that his love for Scotch minstrelsy had been imbited at a very early age, along with, say, a predilection for the savoury properties of Auld Reekie. Let this be as it may, M. Brissac's "Fantaisie Ecossaise" is one of his very best, and will prove, or we are much mistaken, one of his most successful, too."—Queen, Dec. 22nd, 1866.

Price 3s. 6d.

SCHOTT & Co., 159, Regent Street.

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"SHE NEVER CAN BE MINE."

Sung with distinguished success by Mr. DAVID LAMBERT.

Composed by W. ALLAN SNAITH.

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BENEDICT'S NEW SONG,

"SIGHING FOR THEE."

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

Composed by WILFORD MORGAN.

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Sung by Madame ELVIRA BEHRENS.

"I WOULD I WERE" ("Je voudrais être"), for Voice and Piano. Composed by CHARLES OBERTHUR. Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"I WOULD I WERE" is also published for Voice and Harp Accompaniment, Price 4s.

A MANUAL FOR COMPOSERS,

MUSICAL DIRECTORS, LEADERS OF ORCHESTRAS, & BANDMASTERS.

By F. J. FETIS,

Chapel Master of His Majesty the King of the Belgians, Director of the Conservatory, Knight of the Legion of Honour, &c. Translated from the original

By WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

(Continued from p. 82.)

59. All modulations effected by the changes of the mode of the same key are considered as regular. They are frequently found in pieces where the principal key is in the minor mode, many of which pieces finish in the major mode of the same key. When this change of mode takes place in the middle of a phrase, and before the final cadence of the bass is terminated, it produces a very admirable effect.

EXAMPLE.

60. The incidental modulations, the effect of which is so agreeable, are those where the ear is deceived upon the resolution of dissonant chords. These modulations, called, as I have said, *transitions*, are of two kinds. The first occurs when, at the moment of the resolution of a dissonant chord, there is in one of the parts a modulating movement upon the leading note, or the fourth degree of a new key, even when the dissonance makes its resolution according to rule.

EXAMPLES.

The other species of transition consists in the relation established between a chord, and several different keys, by the similarity of certain notes with other notes; as D[#] and E⁷. For example, the ascending alteration of the chord of the 3rd and 4th, has the same appearance and the same effect on the ear as the chord of the 7th of the dominant.

But the first of these chords belong to the key of A minor, and the second to the key of B⁷. Now, suppose that either the one or the other of these keys be impressed upon the ear by all that went before, the ear would not experience any doubt as to the resolution of the chord upon the dominant of that key.

EXAMPLE.

But if there be in the thoughts of the composer an unexpected transition in the key of B⁷, the ear will experience a sensation of surprise, mixed with pleasure all the stronger from the clever way in which the transition may have been accomplished.

EXAMPLE.

These changes of one note into another, which offer various modes of modulation, are termed *enharmonics*.

61. The substitution of the minor mode frequently leads to enharmonic transitions, because each of the chords affected by these substitutions may present itself under the aspect of three others, and resolve by different means.

EXAMPLES.

62. The combinations of ascending and descending changes afford scope for many enharmonic transitions of an unexpected effect.

END OF FIRST BOOK.

(To be continued.)

SOUTHAMPTON.—Mr. R. Sharpe gave his annual concert a few days since at the Philharmonic Rooms. Among the noticeable features of the programme was an original cantata by Mr. Woodward, of Derby, the subject being taken from Longfellow's "Excelsior." The cantata was carefully and creditably sung by Mr. Sharpe's pupils, assisted by a number of local amateurs, and met with decided success. Mr. Sharpe's appropriate setting of the prayer, "Through peace to light," was done ample justice to by Miss Pringle, a young lady who possessed a nice quality of voice, and who was obliged by unanimous desire to repeat her performance. Mr. Sharpe confined himself to one solo performance, that of a fantasia by Kalkbrenner. The Hampshire Advertiser writes that "the reception and the applause that followed Mr. Sharpe's performance must have been highly gratifying to him and must have compensated for the trouble of getting up this concert for the exhibition of his talents as composer, executant, and conductor." Miss Roberts sang Signor Randegger's canzonet "Ben è ridicolo" charmingly, and the other artists exerted themselves strenuously to render the concert as attractive as possible, and indeed received practical proofs of their success in the shape of hearty applause, which followed each and every performance.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

(From the "Daily News.")

We have on many occasions borne glad testimony to the exceptional excellence of Mr. Leslie's choir in all the best qualities of choral performance—in the freeness of the voices, unwavering intonation, the alternate lights and shades of *piano* and *forte*, and that spontaneous fusion of style which resembles the intense expression of a refined individual artist rather than the combined efforts of many performers. Such results can only be obtained from a body of executants of general as well as musical intelligence, animated by a love of the art for its own sake, apart from its mere professional exercise. Such are the causes which have led to the excellence of the German choristers, as especially exemplified by the Berlin "Domchor," and the Cologne choir, and generally by the choristers of the principal German opera houses—a most important feature in stage music, and one which has been hitherto much neglected in London performances. Mr. Leslie's choir, therefore, cannot fail to exercise a powerful and valuable example as showing what can be accomplished by English choristers, and also in affording opportunities for hearing, among other works, the madrigals of the old English composers sung with a perfection which could scarcely ever have been surpassed, if it has been equalled. The programme of the first subscription concert contained four such specimens—Purcell's "In these delightful pleasant groves;" Morley's "My bonny lass," which, although dated 1595, is as fresh and as little antiquated as though a modern composition; Wilbye's "The Lady Oriana" (1608), a masterly piece of part-writing; and Savile's quaint madrigal, "The Waits" (1660). These old and standard pieces, however, bore but a small (too small) proportion to the number of modern madrigals and part-songs introduced, some for the first time of performance. The madrigal is a form of musical art that has been so thoroughly wrought out, and is so impressed with the nervous energy and quaintness of its period, that the attempt to reproduce it is as hopeless as would be the endeavour of our present playwrights to cope with the Elizabethan dramatists. Clever as are the efforts of some of our native musicians in this direction, they can be but imitations, most of which will be forgotten long before the old models of which they are reflections. Mr. Leslie contributed to last night's programme two madrigals of his own composition, "Thine eyes so bright," and "My love is fair;" the latter for the first time of performance—both of them clever compositions, the first having gained the prize at the Bristol Madrigal Society's competition in 1865; the other an animated piece of part-writing, which pleased so much as to be redemanded. Several other novelties were also produced—a part-song by Mr. Barnby, "A Wife's Song," is melodic and smoothly written, but the opening is very reflective of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Wörte*, in A (in book 3). Mr. Barnby's piece was also among the various encores of the evening. Another novelty was a part-song, "Come live with me," by Professor Sterndale Bennett—a well-written piece of vocal harmony, but without any special interest or character—which may also be said of Mr. H. Smart's "How soft the shades of evening," likewise given for the first time. Mr. Pearsall's madrigal, "Take heed, ye shepherd swains," is one of the best of the many modern imitations of this form, being more thoroughly in the school, and more free from anachronisms of style than is generally the case in such attempts. Other part-songs were included by Pinsuti, W. Macfarren, Waley, and Benedict, in all which the choir exemplified the accuracy of execution and refinement of expression which have given it so special a place among London musical institutions.

(From the "Daily News," Feb. 14.)

A special performance was given last night, at St. James's Hall, by the members of Mr. Leslie's Choir, reinforced by many additional voices and an excellent orchestra. The programme was one of great interest, giving perhaps as good an idea of Mendelssohn's varied and universal powers as could be offered by any single evening's selection from his numerous works. The concert began with the exquisite Italian Symphony, published as No. 4, but the second in order of production. This glowing musical record of the vivid impressions produced on Mendelssohn's practical temperament by his sojourn in Italy was composed, or at least completed, in 1832; and in a letter of that year, dated from Coblenz, Mendelssohn says, "I brought out my new symphony in England, and people liked it." This work, however, did not meet with such ready general appreciation as that which attended many of its composer's other productions; but it continued to grow in favour until it is now recognized as a masterpiece of musical poetry, as admirable for its sunny warmth and glowing vivacity as his Scotch symphony is for the very opposite characteristics of gloomy grandeur and sombre romance. The chief feature of last night's concert, however, was the performance of the music to *Antigone*, one of several similar works composed at the instance of the late King of Prussia. This work (produced in 1841) consists of a series of grand choruses with

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

Much more was expected from the association of amateur singers which gives an annual series of performances under the above title than has ever really come out of it. Established as far back as 1856, its appearances were at first chiefly limited to the concerts of the Amateur Musical Society, at which Mr. Leslie held the conductor's stick, with more credit to himself than advantage to a society some time happily defunct. Since that year, however, the Choir has been exhibiting uninterruptedly on its own account. Its early essays created an impression unanimously favourable; and this notwithstanding the fact that the admirable singing of the Kölner Männer Gesang-Verein (by which I do not intend the "Männer-Choir," composed of Germans resident in London, who did almost everything but sing in tune) was still fresh in the public ear. At the commencement the Choir consisted of about fifty members, mostly amateurs, who met weekly, "for the practice and performance of vocal part music," under the superintendence of Mr. Leslie. A year later it numbered over eighty singers; and seven concerts were given in the Hanover Square Rooms, an eighth being celebrated, as a sort of field day, in the more spacious arena of St. Martin's Hall. At the expiration of a couple of years Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir had won a name for which there seemed a fair chance of its gaining increased significance. But without entering into further historical details I may proceed to offer a few remarks upon the opening concert of the twelfth season, which took place the other night in St. James's Hall.

At this concert, whether the character of the programme or the merits of the execution be taken into consideration, the conclusion is inevitable—that eleven years have brought little fruit. I do not mean that the performance was bad, or for the matter of that indifferent. On the contrary the singing was in most instances very good, in some first-rate. But looking the whole thing openly in the face, I must pronounce it in a marked degree effeminate. There is nothing vigorous in those eternal contrasts of loud and soft, louder and softer, loudest and softest, which, on application to the verbal text, are too often found meaningless; nor is there anything to admire greatly in those eternal "crescendos" which for the most part are equally guiltless of intention. The idea of modern partsinging seems to comprehend such "effects," not only as the *summum bonum*, but as the one thing requisite; and to such an extent has this false notion obtained that nearly all our modern composers of part-songs adjust their music to suit it, independently of what the words may be supposed to convey. Take, for example, Mr. Leslie's madrigal, "My love is fair," introduced for the first time on this occasion. The words (by George Peele) begin as follows:—

My love is fair, my love is gay,
And fresh as be the flowers of May;
And of my love my roundelay
Concludes with Cupid's curse,—&c.

Now will any one explain why, if these four lines commence *forte*, they should not be sung *forte* throughout, or *vice versa*, allowing, at most, for certain quasi-insensible gradations which add to the charm of music under any circumstances? A sudden *piano* ought surely to be justified by some sudden change in the sentiment of the text; but here there is nothing of the sort. I cannot, therefore, but regard expedients of this kind as mere tricks of sound, which have no absolute relation to musical expression, and are merely devised to flatter the ears of the unreflecting. In another sense the new madrigal has little merit, being of flimsy construction and made up of passably stale materials;—and indeed if Mr. Leslie's first programme may be accepted as a fair specimen of what modern English composers can do in the way of madrigal and part-song it betokens anything but a hopeful state of things. Nor are the other madrigals by Mr. Leslie, which won for the composer the first prize at the Bristol Madrigal Society's competition two years since (though unquestionably a superior work), the madrigal of R. L. Pearsall, "Take heed, ye shepherd swains" (like all that composer's efforts, strangely overrated), and the part-songs of Mr. Joseph Barnby, Signor Pinsuti, Messrs. W. C. Macfarren, and S. W. Waley, the best of which, without saying much for it, is that of the Italian professor ("The sea hath its pearls"), precisely what might reasonably be wished. They belong essentially to a style less pardonable in madrigal than in part-song, and not quite toler-

incidental instrumental music, and is one of the many instances of Mendelssohn's extraordinary facility in composition, having been completed, according to Mr. Benedict's memoir, in the space of eleven days. The noble simplicity, the grand elevation of this music are admirably reflective of the solemn pathos and tragic dignity of the drama to which it is allied; as well as being suggestive of all those great characteristics which are associated with our ideal of ancient Greece. Of the exact nature of the musical art of classical Greece we really know nothing, notwithstanding all the learned treatises and ingenious theories that have been put forth on the subject—so that any literal identification of the music of *Antigone* with the period of the drama is out of the question. Mendelssohn, however, with the fine intuitive perception of almost Shakesperian genius, has produced music which we at once feel to be especially created by and appropriate to the subject from which it originates. Thus his four great works, the music to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, to *Athalie*, to *Antigone*, and to *Oedipus*, have each a distinct and individual character, and that truth of expression which nothing but a high dramatic faculty allied to fervid poetic genius can realize. The music of *Antigone* has been several times given in concert room performances in this country, and once (in 1845) on the stage, at Covent Garden Theatre, when Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff sustained the parts of Creon and Antigone. The success which the work then obtained, however, was chiefly owing to the drama, the music having been very inadequately rendered. The performance of last night was one of the finest that has been heard in this country—the massive grandeur of the choral writing receiving its true effects from the large and efficient body of male choristers assembled by Mr. Leslie for this special occasion; supported by an excellent orchestra, comprising many of our best instrumentalists, from whom all the charming details of the rich orchestral effects derived their full importance. An abridgement of Mr. Bartholomew's imitative version of the text was effectively declaimed by Miss Kate Saville, who read with distinct emphasis and genuine pathos. Each of the splendid choruses produced a marked effect, particularly the "Hymn to Bacchus," with its magnificent climax and rich instrumentation, with the happy use made of the trumpets. This movement was loudly redemanded. After *Antigone*, Herr Joachim played, as only he can play, the violin concerto—work which may pair with that by Beethoven, both ranking far above all pieces of mere display for a solo player, and rising to the importance of a symphony with an obbligato instrument. The executive difficulties of Mendelssohn's violin concerto are as great as can well be written for the instrument; but Herr Joachim's masterly command of the mechanism of his art, admirable as it is, is with him but the means of intense expression and the realization of the composer's fullest intentions. His performance last night was one of those triumphs of the highest order of intellectual musical interpretation which we have long been accustomed to hear from this great artist, who has never played more finely than on this occasion. The passionate and romantic overture to *Ruy Blas* closed an excellent concert. The few incidental vocal solo passages in *Antigone* were sung by Messrs. Lyall, Evans, C. Henry, and Smythson. Mr. Leslie conducted the concert with his usual steadiness and judgment. The *Antigone* is to be repeated on March 13.

—o—

(From Mr. Drinkwater Hard.)

Departing from his usual plan, Mr. Henry Leslie introduced a new feature at his second concert, devoting the entire evening to the works of one composer,—thus following in the footsteps of the Monday Popular Concerts at their commencement, when Mendelssohn led the way and first began the education of the public (in the large sense of the term), in a school of music to which the shilling-paying amateurs had hitherto been strangers. Mendelssohn was the sole attraction on Wednesday evening, the special feature being the English version by Mr. Bartholomew, of the *Antigone* of Sophocles, with the music which the illustrious master composed in 1841. Although some twenty-five years have passed since the time of its first production at Potsdam and its subsequent representation at Berlin, the English public has had lately but few opportunities of knowing what Mendelssohn's music to *Antigone* was really like. The tragedy was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre (then under the management of Mr. Laurent) in January, 1845, Mr. Vandenhoff playing Creon, his daughter Antigone. The stage was arranged in the classic fashion with the central door for the regal personages, the entrances right and left for the other characters, the chorus (strophe and antistrophe) occupying their position on either side. Mr. G. A. Macfarren superintended the musical department, and Mr. John Macfarren painted the admirable Greek proscenium. *Antigone* for a time was the town's talk. Since then, except once at the St. James's Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Benedict, and once at the Crystal Palace, I do not remember any complete performance of *Antigone* in London. The Concert at St. James's Hall on Wednesday night included most of the leading instrumentalists in the profession, and the chorus was that of Mr. Leslie's Choir

able in either. Far better are the new part-songs of Professor Sterndale Bennett ("Come live with me") and Mr. Henry Smart ("How soft the shades of evening creep"), which are not only well written, as might have been expected from their composers, but something more—sounding in short as if, instead of being picked out at the pianoforte and then distributed for the voices, they had come unsought, and naturally assumed the shape in which they appear. But musicians like these gentlemen, who stand deservedly in the front rank, should aid in the work of progress, and not limit their ambition to the creation of ephemeral trifles. The same admonition must in justice be extended to Mr. Benedict, while admitting the grace and prettiness of his part-song, "Home, sweet home."

After all, the interest of the concert, such as it was, centered naturally in the examples of an older time—Henry Purcell's "In these delightful pleasant groves," Thomas Morley's "My bonny lass," and John Wilby's "The Lady Oriana"—all genuine madrigals, and the last one of the best examples of the Elizabethan period, one of the raciest, indeed, of the famous collection called "Triumphs of Oriana." Morley, too, author of a "Playne and easie introduction to practical musick," and who compiled the "Triumphs," to which various composers brought tribute, was one of the gentlemen of Queen Elizabeth's chapel. What these Elizabethans produced, considerably more than two centuries and a half ago, makes our living writers of madrigals look infinitesimally small, as must have been felt the other night by every reflecting person. The cut-and-dry rhythmical tune of the moderns does not compensate for the absence of that vigour and earnestness which are characteristic of the elder composers, after the manner in which the state of art at the period admitted of their excelling. That merry madrigal, "The waits," by Saville, with which the concert terminated, belongs to a later period—nearer the time of Purcell. It has no great merit, but is at all events simple and unrestrained.

On the whole this programme was, as I have hinted, but so-so. Too many of the pieces were in that emasculate style which, thanks to the Beckers, Silchers, and Kückens of another clime, has in later days brought the German *Liedertafel* so low. Our *Liedertafel*—the English glee and catches, which are as purely national as the part-songs of Germany—may fairly be considered out of date. Preach as we may, and admit to the full the pretensions of our best glee writers, what they have produced, with few exceptions, has little of the enduring element about it. I do not therefore blame Mr. Leslie for not drawing his materials from this source. But, remembering what treasures England can boast in the genuine madrigal style, I cannot but think that a concert, like that of the other night, evidently intended to bear an almost exclusively English complexion, might have been made eminently attractive. If no better modern native compositions are to be obtained than those of Messrs. Barnby, W. C. Macfarren, and S. W. Waley, it would be wiser in Mr. Leslie for the future to provide more of the old stuff and less of the new. At his own concerts he has of course a fair right to bring out his own compositions; but, then, *noblesse oblige*; he should make them as good as lies in his power, which I can hardly believe he has done in his new madrigal, "My love is fair," or in his duet for women's voices, entitled "The Fan," to some original stanzas by Mr. H. F. Chorley.

I am sorry not to be able to speak in less disparaging terms of an institution from which so much was anticipated at the outset; but to tell your readers that Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir has up to this time helped on the cause of real art a single step would be to tell them that which is not the truth. With such means as he has had for eleven years at disposal he might have done, not only for English vocal part music, but for vocal part music generally in England, something like what the Monday Popular Concerts are now doing for instrumental chamber music. That he should hitherto have neglected the opportunity is to be regretted. Z.

—exclusively male voices, reinforced by "professionals," the *soli* parts being sustained by Messrs. C. Lyall, W. Evans, Chaplin Henry, and Smythson, while Miss Kate Saville read the play with due emphasis and discretion. The "Hymn to Bacchus" was encored with one voice, and the applause throughout was frequent and hearty. The *Italian Symphony* opened the concert. The second part began with such a performance by Herr Joachim of Mendelssohn's violin concerto. I have heard the great Hungarian play this concerto again and again, but never more magnificently. No wonder he was enthusiastically called. The stirring overture to *Ruy Blas* brought the concert to an end. On the 13th March *Antigone* will be repeated.—D. H.

One remark by the way: all generations have different views of the same thing. In the best church music of the old Italians we find consecutive fifths—they cannot therefore have sounded ill to them. In Bach and Handel we also occasionally meet with them, though quite casually, and on the whole but seldom. All parallel movement was avoided by the perfection of their part-writing. In Mozart's time they vanish entirely. Thereupon the great theorists came forward to forbid them on pain of death, until Beethoven appeared and introduced the most lovely fifths, fifths in chromatic sequence. Now, though of course such a chromatic sequence, if kept up for twenty bars or so, could not be called a good thing, but would be an utterly bad one, it is not fair to pick out such passages by themselves; they must be judged of in their relation to what has gone before, and their connection with the whole piece.

—o— CHERUBINI'S QUARTETS.

"We finished the evening with a quartet of Cherubini's, the first of some which appeared a long time ago, and raised very discordant opinions even amongst good musicians. The question was not whether they were the work of a great master, for of that there could be no doubt, but whether they were in the true quartet style, which we love and recognize as our standard. We have got accustomed to the manner of the three great German masters, and have admitted into their circle, as they fully deserved, first Onslow (!) and then Mendelssohn (!!). Now comes Cherubini, an artist who has grown grey in the highest aristocracy of art, and in the pursuit of his own particular aims, and even now, at his advanced age, the greatest contrapuntist of the day—the refined, learned, and interesting Italian, whom I often feel tempted to compare to Dante for his stern reserve and force of character. I must confess that the first time I heard it, this quartet,* or rather its first two movements, gave me a most uncomfortable feeling. It was not what I had expected; much of it seemed to me operatic and overdone, and other parts, again, poor, empty, and mannered. This may have been the effect of my youthful impatience, which prevented me from at once making out the sense of the old master's strange language; for, on the other hand, I certainly felt his power down to the very soles of my feet. Then came the *Scherzo*, with its fanciful Spanish subject, the extraordinary *Trio*, and lastly the *Finale*, sparkling like a diamond when you shake it. After these there could be no doubt who had written the quartet, and whether it was worthy of its author. It is sure to strike others as it did me; it is necessary first to get acquainted with the peculiar spirit of his quartet style, speaking, not our own familiar mother-tongue, but that of a distinguished foreigner—and the more one understands it the more one will value it. These remarks, though they convey but a poor idea of the characteristics of the quartet, may perhaps recommend it to the quartet circles of Germany: but it is difficult to execute, and demands real artists. In a fit of editorial arrogance I proposed to myself Baillet (whom Cherubini seems especially to have had in his eye) for first violin, Lipinski for second, Mendelssohn for tenor (his chief instrument next to the organ and piano), and Max Bohrer or Fritz Kummer for violoncello. Meantime I cordially thank my actual quartet party, who promised to come again as soon as possible; and make themselves and me acquainted with Cherubini's other quartets; after which the reader may expect some further communications from me."

The second quartet seems to me to have been written long before the first; indeed, I almost take it to be that symphony which (if I am not mistaken) gave so little satisfaction at its first performance in Vienna that Cherubini declined to publish it, and is said to have turned it into a quartet. This, perhaps, produced the op-

posite fault; for if as a symphony it was too much like a quartet as a quartet it is too much in the style of a symphony; and, moreover, I object to all that kind of re-making: it seems to me a transgression against the divine nature of the original inspiration. I should give it the earlier date on account of its greater simplicity, which distinguishes Cherubini's previous works from his recent ones. Of course I should be convinced if the composer were to come forward and say, "You are mistaken, my friend; the quartets were written at the same time, and were never anything but quartets." And therefore what I say is mere conjecture, to induce others to look into the matter. The work is far superior in all respects to most publications of the day—to everything that we get from Paris; and no one who has not written, learned, and thought, for many successive years, would be capable of writing anything like it. A few dry bars, the work of the intellect alone, there are, as in most of Cherubini's works; but even in these there is always something interesting in the passage, some ingenious contrivance or imitation, something to think about. There is most spirit in the *Scherzo* and last movement, which are both full of wonderful life. The *Adagio* has a strikingly individual A minor character, something Romantic and Provençal-ish. After hearing it several times its charms grow, and it closes in such a manner as to make one begin listening again, though knowing that the end is close at hand. In the first movement there are some reminiscences of Beethoven's B flat Symphony—an imitation between the tenor and violin, like that between the bassoon and clarinet in the symphony, and in the return of the subject in the middle the same figure which occurs in the corresponding passage in the same movement of the symphony. The two pieces are, however, so different in character that few would notice the likeness.

—o— MENDELSSOHN.*

This is the great trio of our day, as the trios of Beethoven in B flat and D, and Schubert in E flat, were in theirs; a truly beautiful composition, which for years to come will delight our grandchildren and great-grandchildren. The storm of past years is beginning gradually to lull, and, it must be confessed, has already thrown many a pearl on shore. Mendelssohn, though less attacked by it than others, is emphatically a child of his own time. He has had his struggles too, and is often forced to listen to the twaddle of narrow-minded critics who pretend that the golden age of music is long past; but he has struggled upwards to such good purpose that we may safely hail him as the Mozart of the nineteenth century, its most enlightened musician, penetrating with keenest glance the contradictions of the times, and reconciling them before any one else. Nor will he be the last. After Mozart came Beethoven; and a new Beethoven will follow the new Mozart, nay, perhaps is already in the world.

And now, what can I say about this trio that has not been already said by every one who has heard it? Happy, thrice happy, those who have heard it played by the composer himself! For though there may be more brilliant performers, yet no one can play Mendelssohn's works with the same magical charm that he himself does. Not that this need deter any one from attempting the trio; for, in comparison with others, Schubert's for example, it has few difficulties: in compositions of the very first rank these are always proportionate to the effect, and the more striking the one the greater the others. It is hardly necessary to say that the trio is by no means intended to display the piano player only, but that the other instruments have pretty tough work of it, and are safe to have both applause and enjoyment. All success, therefore, to the new work,

* No 1—in E flat.

* Trio in D minor (Op. 49).

[Feb. 16, 1867.]

as it so fully deserves ; it is a fresh proof of the vigour of its composer, who must surely have now well-nigh reached the climax of his career.

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EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM MENDELSSOHN TO
BÄRMANN,* THE CLARINET-PLAYER AT MUNICH.

"Paris, April 16, 1832.

" . . . I had grown as peevish as a porpoise, and felt as wretched as a fish out of water the whole winter. Something was always the matter with me, till at last I got regularly ill, was forced to go to bed, and have my stomach rubbed by an old woman, have hot towels put to me, perspire a great deal, eat nothing, endure a great many visits and a vast deal of compassion, wish every thing at the devil, take mint pills, and at last, when quite bored, I found I had perspired away my bad temper, the pains in my stomach, and my friend the cholera, from which there was no escape. And having perspired to such purpose, I find myself happy for the first time for months ; and so I write at once to you, you splendid combination of bear, man, and clarinet. Just now I would give the whole of Paris for one moment of that delicious world of sounds, big, little, and tiny, that come so airily and fairly, so brightly and sprightly, neatly and sweetly, brilliantly and brilliantly, gladly madly and sadly, out of that wooden pipe of yours. But, nonsense apart, I should be as merry as a grig if I could see you again—and that's the truth. I have got through the winter shockingly badly, what with my illness and the dullness of society here. Deuce take it all ! I have never once been quite myself, and therefore have never got on with other people. However, I have managed to compose plenty, and am just publishing a whole heap of new things in Leipsic, which are sure to make me a tremendously famous person, though most likely you will never hear anything about it, and my reputation will remain *incognito*. I have only been able to have a few things performed in public here, and played once or twice. The Parisians clap and applaud me, and the musicians make faces behind my back, so that I must have made a sensation.—But for several weeks past everything has been changed. The cholera has been raging fearfully ; and people think more of cholic than music. Every one who can travel is off ; no one goes out in the evening ; and if I weren't obliged still to have my stomach rubbed by my old woman, I should have been off too long since. I hope now to start for London in a day or two. The cholera there is quite over ; and, indeed, every one here agrees that it may be cured if, directly you feel unwell, you stay at home, keep warm, and take care of yourself. So mind you recollect, in case it comes your way (which I don't believe it will), to keep yourself warm, and treat your diarrhoea with respect, and then you'll get no harm.

"F. M. B."

CRYSTAL PALACE LIBRARY.—The contents of the Crystal Palace Library, which comprised upwards of 5000 volumes, composed exclusively of presentation works, having been completely destroyed by the recent fire, the directors, gratefully recognizing the disposition on the part of the public as far as possible to replace the loss in this department, beg to intimate, with a view to its re-establishment, that they are prepared to accept any contributions of standard or other works, either from booksellers, publishers, or private sources. Several valuable donations have already been received, which will form the nucleus of a new library. Books can be forwarded direct to the librarian, Crystal Palace, or, if more convenient, to either of the undermentioned firms :—Messrs. Longman, Green, & Co., 39, Paternoster Row ; Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, 13, Great Marlborough Street—addressed, "Crystal Palace Library ;" and all contributions will be duly acknowledged.—By order,—EDWARD LEE, F.S.A. Scot., Librarian.

* See him mentioned in the "Reisebriefe" from Munich, Oct. 6, 1831.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD has given "Pianoforte Recitals", during the last fortnight at Hull, Louth, Lincoln, Colchester, Ipswich, Stourbridge, Hereford, and Stroud. At the first three places she was accompanied by Miss Fanny Armytage, at the others by Miss Edmonds, as vocalist. The "Recitals" have been everywhere brilliantly successful. Next week Mad. Goddard visits Guildford, Southsea, &c.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The subject chosen by Mr. J. F. Barnett, for the *cantata* he has undertaken to compose for this year's festival, is said to be the *Ancient Mariner* of Coleridge.

MR. F. C. HORTON.—The funeral of this much respected gentleman took place at Kensal Green Cemetery, on Monday 11th, at 1.30. Amongst the numerous gentleman present were :—Mr. Costa, M. Sainton, Mr. Augustus Harris, Mr. Edward Murray, Mr. C. Coote, Mr. Howell, Mr. Nicholson, Signor Liclasi, Mr. Smythson, Mr. Miles, Mr. W. Winterbottom, Mr. A. Simmonds, Mr. Webb, Mr. J. Martin, Mr. Newsham, Mr. J. March, &c.

HERR REICHRADT AND HERR KUHE are giving "Recitals" of their vocal and pianoforte compositions in the provinces.

MISS LAURA HARRIS.—A private letter informs us that Miss Laura Harris made her *début* at the Italian Opera, in Paris, on Saturday evening last, and that she had great success, being called three times before the curtain. Signor Gardoni was Elvino.

PRESTON.—Mr. Richardson's annual concert took place on Tuesday evening, in the Theatre Royal, and was in every way a success. The singers were Madame Lemmens Sherrington (our favourite townswoman) and her husband, M. Lemmens ; Madame Huddart Russell ; Mr. Wilford Morgan, the new tenor, his first appearance since his return from Italy ; and Signor Caravoglia, from Her Majesty's Theatre. In the duet from *Il Barbiere*, Mr. Morgan and Signor Caravoglia acquitted themselves pretty well. Mr. Morgan displayed much ability in the ballad of his own composing, entitled, "My sweetheart when a boy," in which he was encored, substituting "I've nothing else to do," and accompanying himself on the pianoforte. The latter piece was of a humorous character, and the style in which it was "rendered" obtained for Mr. Morgan the plaudits of the company. M. Lemmens played the "Riflemen's March," on the harmonium, in a masterly manner, and he was encored. Signor Caravoglia, who possesses a good bass voice, sang the popular air "Eri tu" from the *Ballo in Maschera*, in good style. Madame Sherrington seemed quite at home in the "Shadow song" from *Dinorah*, to which her rich, clear voice is admirably suited. She was loudly applauded and encored. Mr. Morgan sang the new ballad, "Silent love" in capital style. A solo for the harmonium on *Guillaume Tell*, was finely performed by M. Lemmens. Madame Huddart gave the new ballad, "When the world was young," in good style, and Madame Lemmens-Sherrington sang, by particular desire, the celebrated Jewel song, from *Faust*, by M. Gounod, with remarkable brilliancy. Signor Caravoglia displayed much taste in a foreign musical piece by Mori, after which a duo was given in capital style by Madame Huddart and Mr. Morgan. The concert concluded with the "Zitti, Zitti" trio from the *Barbiere* by Madame Sherrington, Mr. Morgan, and Signor Caravoglia. The vocalists were accompanied on the pianoforte by M. Lemmens.—Abridged from the "Preston Chronicle."

LECTURE HALL, GREENWICH.—Mdlle. Liebhart gave an evening concert at the Lecture Hall, Greenwich, on Wednesday evening, which was eminently successful. The fair *beneficiare* herself contributed largely to this result by her uniformly fine execution of the various pieces she had selected for performance. Her singing of a vocal waltz by Signor Traventi, of Ganz's popular *lied*, "Love hail'd a little maid," of Meyerbeer's "Roberto," and a ballad of Mr. G. B. Allen's could not be more effective. Miss Julia Elton, in Benedict's popular cradle song "Rock me to sleep," showed much talent, and gained much applause. Mr. George Perren, in a new ballad of his own composition, "The old green lane," was loudly encored. Captain Palliser, an amateur baritone singer of unquestionable ability, and well known in musical circles, distinguished himself most honourably as a substitute for Signor Foli. Miss Madeline Schiller in Liszt's transcription of *The Midsummer Night's Dream* music was more than satisfactory. She delighted everybody by her brilliant and finished playing, and was enthusiastically encored. Mr. Paque, in two of his popular solos on the violoncello, was, as usual, excellent ; whilst Messrs. Booth and W. Wadsworth, who gave, by desire, Osborn and De Beriot's grand duo for violin and pianoforte, were greatly admired. Mr. Booth also performed Ernst's "Carnival" for the violin, in a most admirable manner. Messrs. W. Ganz, Traventi, and W. Wadsworth were the accompanists. The hall was crowded.

BASHI BAZOOK.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

Since we last spoke of the musical proceedings at the Crystal Palace two excellent Saturday Concerts have been given. At the first the symphony was Beethoven's in C minor, a finer performance of which it would not be easy to imagine. This, we believe, is the only symphony the orchestral parts of which, with the annotations and references of Herr Manns, were not destroyed by the recent fire. The concerto was that of Mendelssohn for violin, played by Herr Ludwig Straus as Mendelssohn himself might have wished to hear it played, accompanied in perfection by the orchestra, and received with every mark of favour. Often as this beautiful work is heard it is always welcome, especially when the solo part is in the hands of one in every way so capable as the accomplished *virtuoso* who undertook it on the present occasion. The first overture was that of Rossini to his *Siege de Corinthe*, with few exceptions the most animated and brilliant of his operatic preludes. The other was Schubert's to *Fierrabras*. Every fresh composition by this most gifted of Austrian-born musicians is listened to with interest. The opera of *Fierrabras*, composed for the Imperial Theatre at Vienna, when the manager was Barbaja, was never produced. The *impresario* who succeeded Barbaja found the libretto, the work of Schubert's friend, Kupelwieser, so bad, that the work was laid aside, and the unlucky musician, not for the first time by many, had all his labour for nothing. How he consoled himself is worthy of being put on record. In a letter to Kupelwieser's brother, in which Schubert writes with great despondency, bitterly complaining of his ill luck and his failing health, he refers to the fact and to the reasons of his opera being withheld. "Meine Ruh' ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer, ich finde sie nimmer und nimmer mehr"—he says, in the words of Goethe's Gretchen. But still undauntedly devoted to his beloved art, after complaining that he had composed two grand operas to no purpose, he proceeds—"I have been trying my hand at some more instrumental pieces." Among these were two string quartets and an octet, to which Schubert expresses his intention of adding another quartet—"by which means," he concludes, "I shall prepare the way for a grand orchestral symphony." Thus do the true heroes of art make head against misfortune. The three quartets and the octet are happily known to the world, being among the works left by Schubert which tardy music publishers thought worth the risk of engraving. The overture to *Fierrabras* has the imprint of Schubert's individuality stamped on every theme and passage; and Herr Manns might do worse than bring forward some specimens of the opera itself, as he has lately done, with such a gratifying result, for the drama of *Rosamunde*. Though placed last on the programme, the overture to *Fierrabras* found a large number of hearers, and hearty appreciation to boot. At this concert the singers were Mdlle. Liebhart and Signor Foli.

On Saturday the selection of music was much more desultory than is usual at these concerts, where we are happily accustomed to succinct though well-varied programmes. The greatest feature, and the greatest musical treat, was the first piece—Mendelssohn's Symphony in C minor, generally familiar to musicians as "No. 1," being the first that was printed and published. But in addition to the much-talked-of *Reformation Symphony*, there exist, in MSS., a symphony in D, for full orchestra, and no less than ten symphonies, in four, five, and six parts, for string instruments; so that the precise number of the C minor is doubtful. Herr Julius Rietz, editor of Mendelssohn's second volume of "Letters," compiler of the catalogue of his works, and one of the four notorious "trustees," knows nothing about it. And yet one would think that some information concerning an important work, brought forward by Mendelssohn himself at the Conservatoire on the occasion of his first visit to Paris, and again, at the Philharmonic Concerts on that of his first visit to London, where considerably more than thirty years since it was published by Cramer & Co. as a pianoforte duet, might, with a modicum of trouble, have been obtained from the composer's surviving relatives. Mendelssohn held this symphony in such esteem that he provided a new *scherzo* for it, borrowed from his well-known *Ottet* for string instruments. We are not quite sure that this excerpt from a chamber composition, condensed and scored for the orchestra, was an improvement, although prepared expressly for the

Philharmonic Society. The earlier *scherzo* is very fine, and the trio one of the most original and fanciful inspirations in all Mendelssohn's music. On the other hand, the movement from the *Ottet*, marvellous as it undoubtedly is, the first Mendelssohnian *scherzo* with the true Mendelssohnian ring, is not, in our opinion, so well in keeping with the rest of the symphony as the movement which it has replaced; and in restoring the earlier *scherzo* we cannot but think that Herr Manns has acted judiciously. Besides, the original *scherzo*, in its orchestral form, had more than once been played at the Crystal Palace, and doubtless will be played again as an isolated piece. Indeed, it is too precious to be laid aside; and no one is better aware of this than the zealous conductor himself. Some years ago the Musical Society of London gave a performance of the C minor Symphony, in which both old and new *scherzos* were included; but this was a matter for curiosity, and cannot be accepted as a precedent. The pains Herr Manns had taken in rehearsing the symphony bore good fruit. The execution was splendid from first to last, and very many delicate points were brought out that at previous performances had eluded observation. The slow movement, as melodious as Mozart when most melodious, was absolutely perfect, "wind," "reeds," and "strings" vying with each other in excellence, and yet blending in one harmonious whole that left nothing to desire. But the fiery *allegro*, the quaint and semi-antique *scherzo*, with its admirable free counterpoint, the delicate trio, and the *finale*, so full of youthful vigour, comprising a fugue worthy any master, and a *cantabile*, with *staccato* accompaniments, that alone would make the movement remarkable, were equally well played. The symphony throughout was thoroughly enjoyed and unanimously applauded at the termination of each successive part. The wonder was that such a work could, under any circumstances, have come from the head of a boy of fifteen! And yet the magnificent *Ottet* in E flat was produced in the same year, and shortly afterwards appeared the quintet in A, a composition in no respect less noticeable. It is worth remark that as Beethoven, before he could satisfy himself in the quartet style, began with a quintet, so Mendelssohn preceded his two earliest quartets by the *ottet* and the quintet just referred to, from which it may be concluded that the fewer the independent parts, the more difficult it is to plan and put into shape an elaborate musical composition.

The next piece of consequence, if length and elaborate texture have anything to do with it, was a pianoforte concerto in F sharp minor, by Herr Reinecke, successor to Herr Rietz, himself successor to Mendelssohn, as conductor of the celebrated "Gewandhaus Concerts" at Leipsic. The player, Mr Oscar Beringer, long connected with the musical department of the Crystal Palace, and one of Herr Reinecke's most talented pupils, has just returned from Leipsic, where he finished his studies. It was a graceful act on Mr Beringer's part to make his *début* with a concerto by his master, and highly creditable to him to have bestowed the amount of labour upon it which alone could have enabled him to play it so well. Nevertheless, the concerto itself is of little value—one of those pieces of dry and fruitless German plodding, without a genuine musical inspiration from end to end, of which too many examples unfortunately exist. As it is very improbable that any other player resident in this country will feel disposed to make the same self-sacrifice as Mr. Beringer has made, we need say no more about the concerto. Enough that the performance was worthy of music far more interesting, and the applause at the end was exclusively awarded to the executant, who another time will do well to direct his attention, and that of his hearers, to something likely to charm.

There was a more than ordinary quantity of vocal music at this concert, both for chorus and solo voices. What the Crystal Palace choir had to sing was not remarkable, nor was their manner of singing it remarkably efficient. Two part-songs by Schumann—"Rattlin' roaring Willie," and "The Boat" ("Das Schifflein")—fell utterly dead, and were hardly redeemed by two "Brunettes" from the Popular French Part-songs of the 17th Century, which came later in the programme. The solo singers were Mdlle. Enequist, Miss Julia Derby, Messrs. Cummings and Renwick—soprano, contralto, tenor, and baritone-bass. The most effective displays were the brilliant vocalization of Mdlle. Enequist in the "Air du Rossignol," from M. Victor Massé's operetta, *Les Noces de Jeannette* ("Nightingale"), Mr. Alfred Wells—

flute), and the expressive delivery by Mr. Cummings of a romance from M. Félicien David's opera, *Lalla Rookh*. Much more profitably engaged, however, was the clever Mlle. Enequist in the soprano solos from one of the *finales* of Weber's *Euryanthe*, which, followed by the noble overture to the same opera, brought the concert to an end.

At the concert to-day, besides the Swedish composer, Herr Gade's first and best symphony, Mendelssohn's favourite, we are promised one of the violin concertos of Spohr, with M. Sainton as violinist, the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and other attractive pieces.

STOURBRIDGE.—Madame Arabella Goddard has delighted amateurs here, with one of her charming "Pianoforte Recitals." She played an *air varié* by Mozart, a *notturno* by J. Field, studies by Hummel and Moscheles, a pianoforte sonata by Beethoven (the *Pastoral*), and a *fantasia* by Thalberg (*Masaniello*). The audience, enraptured with the incomparable performance of our Queen of the Piano, would have had everything over again. Madame Goddard only consented, however, to give two additional pieces, which were as warmly received as all the rest. Miss Edmonds contributed songs by Rossini, Benedict ("The maiden's dream"), and Horn, affording infinite pleasure to her hearers and winning two encores. The "Recital" took place at the Corn Exchange. It is long since we have had such a musical treat at Stourbridge.—(From a correspondent).

EYE ARMS, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, ASSEMBLY ROOMS.—M. Paque, one of our most talented violoncellists, gave an evening concert, on Thursday week, in the above *locale*, which attracted a numerous and brilliant assemblage. M. Paque provided a most attractive programme, both vocal and instrumental. The concert commenced with Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor, interpreted by Messrs. Ernst Pauer, Sainton, and Paque. We need hardly mention that, with such artists to perform it, it received every justice, and was loudly applauded. M. Paque played his solos on *Lucia*, an arrangement of Niedermeyer's "Le lac," and a "Serenade Algerienne," and, with Herr W. Ganz, a "Duo di Concert," by Schlaesser, in all of which his genuine artistic playing elicited loud and continued plaudits. M. Sainton gave his famous violin solo on the airs from *Rigoletto*, whilst Herr Pauer, in Bach's *Gavotte*, followed by Willmer's "*Schönheit am Meer*," and finishing with his own "Galop Militaire," displayed his manipulative skill to the highest advantage. Herr W. Ganz gave his well-known and popular transcription of "The Nightingale Trill," followed by his equally popular *Grand Galop de Concert*, "Qui Vive," and created quite a flutter amongst the young ladies. Mlle. Liebhart, in Herr Ganz's charming little *lied*, "Love hail'd a little maid," was loudly encored, a compliment never better earned by the lady, who threw incomparable archness and animation into her singing. Mlle. Enequist, in an aria from *Lucia*, and one of her Swedish ditties, sang with great warmth and feeling. Madame and Mr. Weiss, in some songs and duets, gave evident satisfaction to all present, Mr. Weiss gaining the usual encore for his "Village Blacksmith." Mr. George Perren, in a new serenade, "Arise, sweet maiden mine," sang like an artist. Mr. W. Cooper, in a ballad of Miss Gabriel's, was much liked, and Madame Sainton-Dolby entreated the audience by her charming singing of Luders' clever and effective song, "The Alpine Mother." Signor Ciabatti furnished M. Gounod's barcarolle, "Ou vous vouz aller," to the great pleasure of all present. Messrs. Ganz and Meyer Lutz accompanied.

Hoila Tou!

BASHI BAZOOK.
MADAME PUZZI'S SOIRES MUSICALES.—Madame Puzzi's third *soirée* was given on Wednesday week, as before, in the palatial residence of the Marchioness of Downshire, 24 Belgrave Square, and attracted a full assemblage of the *haut t.n.* The singers were Mdlle. Enequist, Miss Rose Hersee, Madame Berger Lascelles, Miss Fanny Puzzi, and Mdlle. Liebhart (who sang most artistically Weber's "Koint ein selanker Bursch gezagen" with true Teutonic feeling), Mr. Charles Stanton, Signor Ciabatta, Ambonetti, and Caravoglia, who all sang favourite *morceaux* and assisted in several concerted pieces by Rossini, Verdi, &c. Messrs. Deacon and Tito Mattei were the solo pianists. The former artist, with M. Paque, gave Chopin's "La Polonoise," for violoncello and piano, with uniform excellence. M. Paque also played an obligato accompaniment to Miss Fanny Puzzi's singing of a very pleasing serenade of Braga, *A legende Velaque*, which was much applauded. Miss Fanny Puzzi also gave with striking effect Schira's charming *reverie* "Sognai," which pleased excessively. Amongst other novelties produced on this occasion, was a new vocal trio for female voices, "Non fu il ciel," by Signor Schira. It received every justice from the singing of Misses Fanny Puzzi and Rose Hersee, and Madame Lascelles. Miss Rose Hersee with Signor Caravoglia in the duet "Quanto'amore," from the *Elixir d'Amore*, distinguished themselves most honourably, as the young lady previously had done in Ganz's "When we went a-gleaning." Messrs. Ganz and Berger presided alternately at the pianoforte.

BASHI BAZOOK.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Mr. Chappell has again resorted to a plan which in previous seasons has been found extremely accommodating to those who do not reside in or within a moderate distance of the capital. The Popular Concerts held on Saturdays in the afternoon are so like those to which the London public is accustomed on Monday nights, that no one thinks of questioning the exact propriety of their title, and Saturday is cheerfully accepted for Monday by zealous amateurs of quartets, sonatas, and trios. The only difference is in the proportions of the programme, which as a rule is shorter by one instrumental piece than on ordinary occasions. The afternoon concerts are uncommonly attractive just now, not only on account of the uniform worth of the selections, but because Herr Joachim, who was never playing more superbly than this winter, leads the quartets, quintets, &c. Among other things, Herr Joachim has delighted his hearers with three magnificent quintets—that of Mozart in G minor, that of Beethoven in C, and that of Mendelssohn in B flat. The last of these would alone have been interesting as the first piece ever performed at a Monday Popular Concert (February 14, 1859). But each is a masterpiece; and it is needless to descend on the manner in which they are played by the incomparable Hungarian, who, as at the evening concerts, is supported by Herr L. Ries, Mr. H. Blagrove, and Signor Piatti—the Italian *virtuoso*, who, though but just in his prime, has long been without a compeer as a violoncellist. In the quintets Mr. H. Blagrove is backed by Mr. W. Hann, as second viola, so that nothing is wanting to a perfect execution.

Madame Schumann has only taken part hitherto in one morning performance. Her predecessors were Mr. Charles Hallé, who played Weber's sonata in D minor as few but himself can play it, and Herr Ernst Pauer, almost equally happy in Mozart's more symmetrical if less ambitious sonata in D. Madame Schumann chose the sonata in C, Op. 53, dedicated by Beethoven to his first and most steadfast patron, Count Waldstein. A work so full of imagination as this can only be properly interpreted by a pianist with imagination as well as fingers. That Madame Schumann possesses both all the world, or at any rate all the musical world, is aware. The enthusiasm this lady throws into every one of her performances is catching; and the "Waldstein Sonata,"—in which Beethoven's own enthusiasm glowing from first to last without restraint, he gives his Pegasus unrestricted licence—affords ample scope for its display on the part of the executant. No wonder, then, that such a sonata, thus interpreted, should have raised in the audience a kindred fire.

At the last Monday evening we had, perhaps, the finest performance of Mendelssohn's finest quartet (No. 3, Op. 44, in E flat) ever remembered at these concerts. The *scherzo*, with its delicately interwoven *fugato*, one of the most fairy-like of the many models of the kind we owe to its composer, was rapturously encored, so rapturously that Herr Joachim, who, like all true artists, objects to repeat any one of the component parts in a quartet to the detriment of the rest, was compelled in spite of himself to accede, and the movement was repeated. The other quartet was Haydn's best (in D minor), a work which must always remind attentive hearers of Mozart's admirable quartet in the same key. This was the last piece in the concert, and kept the great majority of the audience in their seats till the end. The pianist was Mr. Hallé, whose performance of Beethoven's sonata in D major (Op. 10), in vigour, accent, and delicate bringing out of details, was absolutely faultless. He, too, was compelled to accept an "encore" for the *minuet* and *trio*, with which the audience were beyond measure delighted. Mr. Hallé also played, in association with Herr Joachim, Mozart's sonata in F, containing the quaint theme and variations in D minor, and terminating with a movement in the style and rhythm of a *minuet*. The singer was the clever Miss Banks, universally popular at these concerts. The songs were Mr. Macfarren's setting of the Laureate's stanzas, "Late, late, so late" (*Idylls of the King*), and Mr. Benedict's "Dawn, gentle flower," both exquisite specimens of their composers, and both sung with unaffected expression. Mr. Benedict was, as usual, the accompanist.

At to-day's Saturday afternoon concert Madame Schumann is to play the *Variations Sérieuses* of Mendelssohn, and on Monday evening a selection of pieces by her late husband, whose quartet in F major, never before heard at the Monday Popular Concerts, is the first piece in the programme.

MISS GLYN'S READINGS.

Miss Glyn's reading of *Hamlet* attracted one of those attentive and critical audiences rarely seen except at entertainments of a kindred character. Though not a scene could have been unfamiliar, many followed, book in hand, as though resolved that not a line should escape them. At times the open volume was put aside, as when any famous soliloquy was being delivered, or when passages of unusual power enforced undivided attention, and compelled every eye to the platform. At such moments Miss Glyn surrenders herself to the spirit of the scene, and shows her dramatic strength in its fulness. Early in the play the opportunity is afforded her, for the action of *Hamlet* commences in the first scene, when the ghost is seen by Marcellus, Horatio, and Bernardo. Shortly afterwards Hamlet sees and follows the spectre. The scene between them was rendered with thrilling effect. The awe which at first overmasters Hamlet contrasted finely with his impetuosity when the injunctions from beyond tomb have rekindled the desire for vengeance. Highly impressive, too, was Miss Glyn's rendering of "To be or not to be." This was earnest, thoughtful, well studied, easy, and natural—its purely meditative character distinctly indicated. Still more remarkable was the advice to the players, which is rarely given with such nice discrimination on the stage. Miss Glyn addresses the professional in no dogmatic or sermonising tone, but graciously, and somewhat modestly, in the spirit of one offering suggestions rather than giving counsel. The effect was singularly pleasing and original. The interview between Hamlet and his mother afforded Miss Glyn a fresh opportunity for tragic intensity and suggestive gesture. The gradual disappearance of the ghost, was indicated with striking vividness. In her delineation of the madness of Ophelia, Miss Glyn took her audience by surprise. They were hardly prepared for so much gentleness and sweetness from one who has such mastery over the sterner and more violent passions. The little snatches of song were given in a low plaintive tone, which went direct to the heart. This was especially the case with the lines—

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

No singer could have given greater effect to these verses, which Ophelia warbles in unconsciousness. The scene with the grave-diggers was rendered with much spirit; and the altercation between Laertes and Hamlet in the grave of Ophelia was vigorous and impassioned.

Miss Glyn has repeated her famous reading of *Antony and Cleopatra*.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

Handel's *Judas Maccabaeus* was lately given by this society with a general efficiency never surpassed, and seldom equalled. While Mr. Reeves has no rival in the interpretation of Handel's grand declamatory songs, there is no substitute for him so prepared as Mr. Cummings. By his thoroughly efficient performance Mr. Cummings added to the proofs he had given of his earnest study. Those trying airs, "Call forth thy powers," and "Sound an alarm," were given with vocal force and precision. The soprano solos were sung by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, who was especially successful in "From mighty kings," and "O Liberty." Miss Robertine Henderson, second soprano, gave chaste readings of "Pious Orgies" and "Wise men flatt'ring," and was excellent in the several duets. Madame Sainton (peerless) was contralto, and Mr. Patey bass. As usual, several solos were omitted—a practice we would carry even further, as we know that Handel was compelled to make concessions to the public of his time by inserting pieces of display, in order to relieve what was then considered the oppressive weight of his choruses; whereas Handel's real strength and the free development of his gigantic genius lay in his choral writing, which is as grand, and as far in advance of contemporary art as many of his songs are in accordance with the conventional pattern of his day. In *Judas*, for instance, the passages of vocal exercise, and *da-capo*, in "From mighty kings," "How vain is man," and "Wise men flatt'ring" have a poor effect, in close juxtaposition with such majestic inspirations as the choruses. So far, therefore, from complaining of omissions, we would go beyond the practice, in reverence for Handel, justified by the fact that he frequently interpolated airs in his oratorios for the sake of attracting a public which could not appreciate his genius. To many this will sound irreverent. With Handel,

as with Shakespere, the glory of his renown is such as to dazzle criticism; yet both made concessions (possibly in their own despite)—concessions which in some instances detract from the perfection of their works. Scarcely have the choruses of *Judas* been more finely given than on the present occasion—a result chiefly owing to the indefatigable zeal of Mr. Costa, to whom also are owing the additional orchestral accompaniments. These are written with consummate skill and practical knowledge of orchestral effect—some of the added details, too, being extremely ingenious. We should, however, have preferred less interference with Handel's original trumpet parts, as, for instance, in the chorus, "Sing unto God," where the florid writing for three trumpets is a most important feature, and if practicable in Handel's time should surely be so now. *Israel in Egypt* was repeated on February 8, with Mr. Cummings as tenor.—D. N.

THE JAPANESE.—ST. MARTIN'S HALL

The newly-arrived Japanese belong to a race who have only been recently "opened-up." Their arrival has excited unusual interest, and many will pay a shilling to stare at them, apart from their talent as jugglers and acrobats. The platform on which they exhibit is fitted up with poles and bamboo canes, tied together with ropes; and upon this scaffolding some of the "high" performances take place. The stage is adorned with articles of Japanese manufacture, brightly coloured models of machinery. The feats consist chiefly of top spinning and butterfly fluttering—oriental tricks, though often imitated, never equalled by Europeans. The spinning tops are marvellous—fashioned like teetotums, hurled high in the air, caught upon the points of canes, and made to travel along the edges of swords and fans, and over a man's back. The butterfly is quite a poetical imitation of nature; and it is only the acrobatic performances that fall below the European level. One Japanese has a monkey-like power of holding on to bamboos with his feet; but the "Blondin of the troupe," a performer on the slack wire, was unable to exhibit in consequence of an accident on board ship. The performances are all conducted with oriental coolness and contempt for time, and accompanied by true Japanese music. One of the children sings a song that causes much merriment, though intended to be serious, and there was a chorus of the charity-school order. Several of the performers have considerable power as actors, and the butterfly juggler's face is a study for physiognomists. The dresses are brilliant and peculiar, the distinction between men and women not being strongly marked. St. Martin's Hall, no longer the dingy collection of vaults which it was a few months ago, is newly painted, decorated, and lighted, and the principal entrance and grand staircase have no equals in London, except at Covent Garden or Drury Lane. The Japanese have fitted up the place with articles brought from Yokohama, including paper lanterns, superior in size and design to the Chinese lanterns. The entertainment can only be continued at St. Martin's Hall for a fortnight, the place having been taken for a series promenade concerts.

DUBLIN MONTHLY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Dublin Evening Mail.")

The first of these concerts took place in the Exhibition Palace on Saturday evening. They are so much an effort in the right direction, and so interesting as a medium of generating a taste for the chamber compositions of the great masters, that they deserve every consideration. Nothing can exceed in charm of melody, vigour of construction, and symmetry of proportion, these compositions, chiefly for four instruments, but varying as duets, trios, quartets, quintets, and even septets. They show the loveliest of the arts in its most independent phase, but in the quiet of its exceeding beauty, and possess an ineffable grace impossible to interpret by language. They must be listened to till they are loved, and then their influence is felt and appreciated. In London, they attract large numbers of the general public to the "Monday Popular Concerts," from November to July. Here these works are little known, and principally only to the few who have frequented the above-named concerts. We therefore think the promoters in Dublin worthy encouragement, not only on account of the pleasure to be derived from them, but of the refinement they impart to the rising generation. The concert of Saturday commenced with Mozart's quartet in A, for two violins, viola, and violoncello, ably led by Mr. Leyvey, the other parts being entrusted to Messrs. Liddell, Gunn, and Elsner. Mr. Charles Hallé, who was specially engaged for this concert, followed with a solo on the piano-forte—Mendelssohn's *Andante and Rondo Capriccioso*. This artist's playing comes as near to perfection, though differing from other performers, as we think it in the power of practice to achieve. There is a grace, delicacy, and brilliancy, together with a thorough conception of the author, in Mr. Hallé's playing, which have rarely been surpassed. These qualifications were manifested by his

rendering of the *Bees' Wedding* (also Mendelssohn's), which he played to the "encore." Then, again, in a *Nocturne* and *Valse* by Chopin, he was happy in the extreme. One of Mendelssohn's duets for pianoforte and violoncello was given by Mr. Hallé and Herr Elsner, with such effect that few in the room could fail to be impressed by its beauty. The concert terminated with Beethoven's quartet* in E flat, for pianoforte, violin, viola and violoncello—a work of great beauty consisting of four movements. It was rendered with precision and expression by Messrs. Hallé, Levey, Gunn, and Elsner. The *andante cantabile* was given with almost vocal feeling by Mr. Hallé. We have never heard a more interesting exposition of instrumental music in this country. The vocalists were Miss W. Hodges and Mr. Topham.—*Dublin Evening Mail.*

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ORCHESTRAL POPULAR CONCERTS.

The "Classical Nights" at Her Majesty's Theatre have continued to attract the attention of amateurs; and no wonder. The programmes provided by Signor Arditì are of first-class excellence; while the performances under his direction are quite worthy the music set down to be performed. On one of these occasions Schumann's quasi-symphony, entitled *Overture, Scherzo, and Finale*, was repeated, with increased success. At this concert the great feature, however, was a very striking performance of Beethoven's fourth symphony in B flat. There were two concertos—Spohr's so-called dramatic concerto for violin, and Mendelssohn's No. 2, for pianoforte (in D minor). The first was superbly played by Mr. Carrodus, who now fairly takes his place at the head of our English violinists, and who is young enough to look higher still. The second was entrusted to Mdlle. Agnes Zimmermann, a pianist of whose great promise we have spoken more than once, and whose honourable ambition was as usual crowned with success. The overtures were the Russian Glinka's *Life for the Czar*, a work not likely to be perpetually enrolled among the "classics," and Weber's *Oberon*, which was enrolled from the beginning and has little chance of being ousted from its place as one of the most romantic and brilliant of dramatic preludes. As usual there was some sterling singing by Mdlle. Sinico and Signor Foli, two of the most useful and versatile members of Mr. Mapleson's company during the operatic performances at Her Majesty's Theatre. Mdlle. Sinico repeated Beethoven's grand *scena*, "Ah perfido," her deservedly successful rendering of which at the Crystal Palace Concerts was recorded at the time. The clever Italian lady seems to be gradually making herself mistress of all the German repertory.

The programme of the last "Classical Night" began with Mendelssohn's charming overture to his operetta, *Heimkehr*, known here, through Mr. H. F. Chorley's English version of the late Herr Klingemann's libretto, as *Son and Stranger*. The symphony was Mozart's magnificent "Jupiter" (in C major), so called not by himself, but by some enthusiastic devotee. The name sticks to it, however, naturally enough, for the Jupiter of music speaks in thunder through every measure of the unparalleled *finale*, where the art of counterpoint, from the free modern point of view, would seem to be positively "used up." The other overture was Weber's light and sparkling *Preciosa*. All these pieces were admirably played, more especially the symphony, the performance of which Signor Arditì directed *con amore*. The other instrumental feature of the programme was from one of Haydn's string quartets, containing variations on the Austrian air, "God preserve the Emperor"—allotted, as at the Paris Conservatoire and the popular concerts of M. Pasdeloup, in the Cirque Napoléon, to the whole string band of the orchestra, a custom we cannot but think more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Haydn composed his quartet for *four* string instruments; and by four string instruments, and no more, it should be played, or not at all. The concerto was one for the pianoforte, by Signor Licasi, given throughout from memory (an extraordinary feat) by Signor Tito Mattei. Mdlle. Sinico and Signor Foli, who again sang music by various composers, were joined on this occasion by Mdlle. Agliati.

The present week is the last of the Orchestral Popular Concerts, which, it is only fair to add, have been conducted throughout with equal spirit and judgment.

* This quartet is an arrangement of the quintet for pianoforte, oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon, composed in 1798.—A. S. S.

Letters to Well-known Characters.

TO DOCTOR A. S. SILENT.

DEAR DOCTOR.—As my custom is, I went down to the Crystal Palace on Saturday afternoon last, and, being early, had a leisurely stroll through the place. Approaching the ethnological specimens in the south transept, my regard became fixed upon one in particular, which seemed to me familiar of aspect, although that aspect was dorsal, and not facial. It was attired in coat of broadcloth, and continuations ditto, crowned with hat broad of brim, and armed with umbrella of unfashionable solidity. On drawing nearer, this figure, which was contemplating a group of Feejeans, slightly turned its head and enabled me to recognize the well-known lineaments of a well-known churchwarden, farmer, and friend. "What! Bodger, old boy,"—I exclaimed,—"you here?" I cannot say that Bodger's face expanded with pleasure at sight of me. On the contrary he seemed slightly annoyed. "Now look here, Egg,"—said he,—"when a man makes a fool of himself he don't want to be told on't. So, not a word about what my silly wench Jenny must needs write in her letter." "It shall be as you wish, old friend,"—said I,—"we'll let that be a bygone." The churchwarden's face resumed its usual placidity in a moment, and taking my arm he observed,—"As your chum Silent says—'let's try sherry and bitters.'" We tried sherry and bitters and found them very good. Meanwhile I said,—"What brings you here, Bodger?" "Well, you see,"—was the response—"I was up in town on business, and I happened to read that the Crystal Palace Concerts was 'the most finished performances of their kind in Europe'—so here I be according." "Being here shows your wisdom, old boy,"—said I. "Now, finish your sherry, and let us get a seat." We got a seat—two seats, in point of fact—just as the first notes of Mendelssohn's C minor symphony responded to the conductor's signal. Through the *allegro* and *andante* Bodger sat very still, resting both hands on the top of his umbrella and looking steadily towards the orchestra—a sure sign that he was pleased. At the close of the slow movement he spoke:—"I don't b'lieve much in advertisements; but that advertisement was right; 'perfect' it is, by Jove; just like the Mon—." Bodger stopped in confusion, and the *Minuetto* kindly began, to cover his retreat from an awkward position. At the *Trio* my friend grew quite excited, but he was most demonstrative at a point in the *Finale* which you, my dear Doctor, know very well:—the passage where, after a *pizz.* phrase for strings, the flute and clarinet steal in with heavenly melody, a *cantabile* of perfect beauty. When the strings began, Bodger ejaculated without taking his eyes off the band—"Hark to that!"—and at the first sound of the *cantabile* he gradually raised himself to his feet, leaning eagerly forward as if afraid of losing a note. So he remained till the passage ended, when he sat down looking more than half ashamed of himself, and softly repeating,—"Well, well!" When the symphony ended, I said to him,—"What do you think of that for the work of a boy of fifteen?"—"Look here, Egg," he replied,—"I know I'm only a foolish old fellow from the country, but that's coming it rather too strong." I protested, but all was in vain. "Why," said he conclusively—"fifteen's the age of Jim my bird scarer—gammon!" Following the Symphony came two part-songs by Schumann. "Who be them singers?" said Bodger, when the first had ended amid chilling silence. "The Crystal Palace Choir," I replied. "If my Bullockton lot didn't do better, they should all pack. D'y'e call this singing the most finished in Europe?" I had no defence to make, and the churchwarden indulged in contemptuous snorts quite unopposed. Only with the entrance of Mr. Beringer to play Reinecke's Concerto did he show signs of revived interest. "Now then for a treat,"—said Bodger, as he settled himself comfortably in his chair. All through the dreary half-hour which followed I was the victim of a sympathetic agony, in addition to the torture of my own feelings. Bodger fidgetted, yawned, growled in under tones, tried to read *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, stood up and stared about him, finally, when the infliction was over, exclaiming—"The fellow as wrote that ought to have fifteen years of listening to't. And that young chap as played it—well, he's punished *himself* enough. What's coming next?" "More part-songs, Bodger." "Then I'm off," said the churchwarden; and suiting the action to the words he seized his hat, and led the way out of the concert-room. Additional sherry

and bitters restored his equanimity, and I seized the chance to observe—"Don't judge the Crystal Palace Concerts by this one, Bodger; they are the best of their kind in Europe beyond a doubt." "Cept when I happen to come," replied my friend drily. "But, however, I'm willing to forgive a good deal for yon symphony." Just then the first notes of the *Euryanthe* overture struck my ear, so, seizing Bodger by the arm, I hurried him across the nave (he left a full glass of sherry on the counter), and into the concert-room once more. The churchwarden came out radiant with delight, went back to the buffet, reclaimed his wine, drank to the health of the Crystal Palace band—(I heard him mutter "and better luck to the choir") in a twice repeated bumper. Finally, as he went off to catch train he said, "D'ye know any o' the managers o' these concerts? If you do, tell 'em to take the advice of a country greenhorn like me—work their band hard, and gie the choir plenty of holidays."—Ever yours, dear Doctor,

The Scratch.—Feb. 11.

THADDEUS EGG.

P.S.—I don't live at the "*Watch*." Tell your printer so.
I noted your kidless condition when last me met. Is that glove found yet?—T. E.

[No, it isn't.—A. S. S.]

TO SHIRLEY BROOKS, Esq.

King Winter is a stern old boy,
He sings with loud exultant joy;
The Robin's on the window sill,
Piping his sweet and plaintive trill.
The winds whistle a mournful tune,
The snow falls, and the ground is strewn,
With the hoary mantle of frost:
All nature seems buried and lost.
King Winter is a stern old boy,
He sings with loud exultant joy;
The Robin's on the window sill,
Piping his sweet and plaintive trill.

The songster inspires the scene,
Melodic tones gush on the keen,
Cold breeze; softly, sweetly flowing,
Radiating joys most glowing,
Soothing the soul with pleasant things,
Invoking happiness that clings,
Tenderly to our wondering minds;
Oh! there's music in the wintry winds.
King Winter is a stern old boy,
He sings with loud exultant joy,
The Robin's on the window sill,
Piping his sweet and plaintive trill.

Stockport, Feb. 7, 1867.

THOMAS BOOTH BIRCH.

TO S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL, Esq.

Sin.—Mr. Charles Halle's Sixteenth Concert came off in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, Feb. 7th. Miss Louisa Pyne, a queen in the divine art of song was the solo vocalist. Instrumentalists—Solo-Violin, Herr Joachim, Solo-Violoncello, Signor Piatti, Solo Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Halle, with full orchestra. This assembly of Emperors, Kings and Nobles in art, held council together in Beethoven's Grand Triple Concerto with orchestral accompaniments in C. op. 56. My feeble pen fails to describe the virtues of this august assembly; the spirit of Beethoven was present and music reigned supreme; the three great musical chiefs, Halle, Joachim and Piatti, moved their listeners by their noble and eloquent feelings; the charms of this grand composition are truly wonderful; the tenderest pathos the soul can conceive are set, in most delicate tints and shades of celestial sweetness. None but artists of the very highest order could grasp and illuminate, so to speak, the superb beauties Beethoven has written. Herr Joachim played Solo-Violin, Romanza in F, Beethoven, and achieved a triumphant victory over the hearts of his listeners, they, breathed with the exquisite phrasing, so soul stirring, he, held their pulses and music flowed within their veins; the softest whisper his bow kindled produced an effect of stillness on the part of the audience, so softly sweet that, it appeared to be a part of the music the princely Joachim was reciting. He was loudly encored and, he played to the gratification of the assembly one of those genial movements of Bach's Violin Sonatas, the intricate difficulties of these pieces vanish when Joachim assumes to perform them, and, all the quaint beauties of their author are fully illustrated.

Signor Piatti, the King of Violoncellists performed another of these wonderful compositions of S. Bach's, Solo Violoncello, "Sarabande and

Gavotte" in D. 'Tis lovely to hear this artist discourse music on his noble instrument, which, sings and rivals the sweetness of a Mario, or a Giugiani. Mr. C. Halle and Herr Joachim played—Grand Rondo Brilliant—Piano and Violin, Schubert. The character of this composition is most brilliant and genial, and, it contains themes that can only be termed "songs without words" which, go direct to the heart and ripple its sweets, on the emotional rills which, flow in the human bosom. Truly, Schubert had a musical soul, and, although, his body is crumbling into dust, yet, his spirit dwells on earth to gratify and enoble the hearts of his fellowmen.

The Band played under their able Conductors direction, Mozarts Symphony No 5, in D, with fine effect, and, rendered the marvellous beauties of its illustrious author to perfection. Also, an Overture by Gade, the Danish composer, named "Hamlet" which, is characteristic, so far as it goes, of that terrible mystery which the ghost scenes of Hamlet would inspire; it contains a short cantabile movement, much in the style of Mendelssohn, with this exception, the author never attempts to illustrate the profound emotions of prince Hamlet; and, to fully characterize the philosophical individuality of prince Hamlet would require nothing less than a Grand Symphony. This delightful and classical concert was wound up with Mendelssohn's striking March from "Athalia." Trusting the Monday Popular Concerts are well, I am, Sir, yours, with unbounded respect,

Stockport, Feb. 11, 1867.

THOMAS BOOTH BIRCH.

TO JULES BENEDICT, Esq.

Sir.—The solo singers at Mr. Henry Leslie's "First Subscription Concert" (in St. James's Hall) were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Madame Sainton-Dolby, who sang each two songs, and combined in a new duet of Mr. Leslie's, "The Fan," the novelty of the evening. This (in the *bolero* style) is full of animation and character, and written with knowledge of vocal effect. It received a general encore. Madame Sherrington's most successful solo was Macfarren's charming song, "Ah! why do we love?"—another encore; and Madame Sainton-Dolby's least successful was Arne's "In infancy," a piece of antiquated twaddle. More worthy the celebrated singer and the occasion was Thomas Linley's "Primroses deck the bank's green side," simple though it be. The remaining vocal solo of the evening was Mr. Sullivan's "Orpheus with his lute," by Madame Sherrington. Variety was given by Osborne's duet for two pianofortes, on themes from the *Huguenots*, played by Misses Austine and Julia Bennett.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

GEORGE GRIEF.

TO MISS KITTY GLASS.

There was an old party called House,
As hungry and lean as a mouse;
When a buxom young lass
He espied (Kitty Glass),
He said—"That's the cheese for old House!"

There was a young maiden called Glass,
Who said—"There's a drivelling old ass,
By name Simecock House,
Who, though poor as a mouse,
Dares yet to aspire to Miss Glass!"

S. T. TABLE.

[Has he not even gone so far as to propose to Miss Glass? The silly old idiot!—A. S. S.]

TO MISS MINNIE GLASS.

DEAR MISS.—Some acquaintance with the drama, some experience of the playhouse, some knowledge of the names and persons of the performers, are wanted for full enjoyment of the theatre. How many in a modern English audience combine these qualifications, or indeed possess any of them? In former days when the theatres were few and regularly frequented by all classes the great majority would consist of habitual play-goers; but at present it is the other way. The bulk of the spectators are not residents in London, but casuals from the country, and bring nothing but the money paid for places, and the desire to be amused. The child's pleasure in the first play can never be realized by a grown up *débutant*; and although some ignorance is bliss, it is not always folly to be wise. Yet I confess once to have envied a couple in the pit at a performance of *Romeo and Juliet*. As the drop fell at the end of the first act, one observed, "There seems to be a good deal of bad blood between those two families." These were simple play-goers, forgetful of selves, and absorbed by the piece, of whom more perhaps are to be usually found in pit and galleries, than in stalls and boxes, where ignorance, conceit, and frivolity may be seen in unabashed self-complacency. Mr. Webster has played to audiences more discreet, at

the Standard, City, and Surrey Theatres, than at the West-end. It is among the better-dressed part that there is the frequent remark, the foolish ill-timed question, the perpetual chatter, which distract those who come to see and hear, not merely to pass an evening.—I am, dear Miss, yours respectfully,

CAPER O'CORBY.

—0—
TO THOMAS BOOTH BIRCH, Esq.

SIR.—The Japanese embassy at the Grand Hotel, Paris, occupy a suite of rooms, for which they pay 350fr. a day. Their arms consist of long daggers and short sabres, richly ornamented—finished and formidable weapons. The chief dresses in European costume, with trousers and black frock coat. His name is Ko-Tolg, and his title "Yamato-no-Kami." He is Minister of Foreign Affairs at Japan, grand officer of the Taicoon, and governor of a province as large as the whole of France. Before returning to Paris he will visit St. Petersburg, and afterwards America. The ambassadors appear much pleased with the cookery of the Grand Hotel. They take five meals a day, and have an excellent appetite. Of wines they prefer Madeira and champagne, but have a predilection for beer, and are sufficiently judges of malt and hops to give preference to the English beverage. Will you write an acrostic on the Japanese, and oblige, my dear sir, yours, with much respect,

THOMAS NOON GADD.

P.S. Thanks for the acrostic on Pergolese.—T. N. G.

—0—
TO GRANDPAPA SHAVER SILVER.

DEAR GRANDPAPA,—On Boxing Night, at Covent Garden, was produced the pantomime called *Ali Baba, or the Forty Thieves killed by one Slave*. In it there were several mistakes:—

1stly. The first of which was introducing policemen in Bagdad, where, most likely, they have never seen one.

2ndly. They put a ballet between the acts, so that one forgot what had happened before it.

3rdly. By making the captain of the thieves borrow money from a pawnbroker when he had sacks of gold, and, if he had wanted any more, would have stolen it.

4thly. By leaving out Mustapha, the cobbler, one of the chief characters.

5thly. By not marking the doors with chalk.

6thly. By making the slave in love with the inspector of the police.

7thly. By not making the slave pour boiling oil on the thieves, and not making the captain jump over the garden wall and run away. With other errors too numerous to mention.

The four best scenes were Ali Baba in the wood; the Thieves at Home, who were supposed to be in a club; and the two Transformation Scenes.

I am, dear Grandpapa, your affectionate grandchild,

SEPTIMUS SILVER.

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